

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/6

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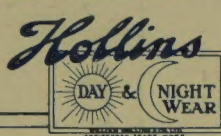
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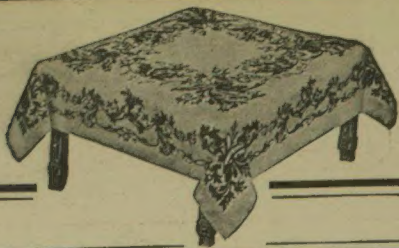


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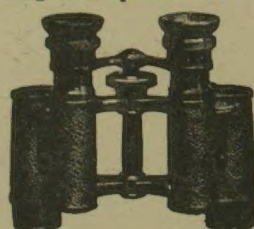
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Daily Chronicle, 15/6/22

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is quite independent of weather changes, and is sure of being appropriately dressed for any occasion.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1922.

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THE WIDOW OF SIR HENRY WILSON ESCORTED BY HIS "OLD AND TRUSTED COMRADE AND BEST FRIEND":
LADY WILSON LEAVING ST. PAUL'S WITH MARSHAL FOCH, AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Marshal Foch, on hearing the news of Sir Henry Wilson's assassination, spoke of him as "my old and trusted comrade and best friend, one of the finest soldiers that ever lived, and one of the greatest patriots I have ever met." The highest honour he could pay to his dead friend was to come in person to the funeral, and his first act on arriving in London on the previous day was to visit Lady

Wilson. In the long funeral procession to St. Paul's, Marshal Foch followed the gun-carriage on foot, walking with the Duke of Connaught. On the left in our photograph is the Very Rev. J. G. McCormick, Dean of Manchester, formerly Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, where Sir Henry Wilson was to have unveiled a war memorial tablet on the 26th (the day of his funeral).

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVER since the real tragedy of the premature death of Dickens interrupted the fictitious tragedy of the premature death of Drood, there has been a continuous series of suggestions for the conclusion of the last Dickens story. Evidently the interest both in Dickens and Drood is as fresh as ever; and I have received a very lively and lucid pamphlet on the subject by Mr. Aubrey Boyd, of the University of Washington. His work is particularly refreshing, in comparison with many, because he realises that the way to detect a crime is to keep cool like the detective, and not to go mad like the criminal lunatic. Some of the interpreters of Dickens seem to have conscientiously smoked opium in the den of the Princess Puffer before offering their conclusions about Jasper. Mr. Boyd touches on some other American critics with a graceful irony. "In 1875 a certain anonymous citizen of Brattleborough, Vermont, with an assurance less typical of angels than of our countrymen, completed the book by means of a spirit pen." His own logic is sane and self-respecting, whether it establishes his own conclusion or no. Broadly, that conclusion is that the tale was meant to be not so much a tale of opium as a tale of hypnotism. As Mr. Boyd expresses it, it would have anticipated "Trilby." He can certainly quote much in support of this in the scene of Jasper's silent domination of Rosa, and in other places. It cannot be denied that Dickens was very likely to be attracted by what was then a new scientific idea; but I hope he was not. New scientific ideas go so very stale.

Oddly enough, Mr. Boyd mentions but does not emphasise a more sensational possibility in the matter. If Jasper was a hypnotist in the rather vague romantic fashion, it seems possible that he was not the murderer at all in the material and concrete fashion. With the license allowed to mesmerists in sensational fiction, why should not Landless have done the deed after all, but only as an automaton acting under the mesmeric eye of Jasper? This would help the theory of Mr. Boyd, who holds that Helena was to come in as a white witch or counter-hypnotist when all else failed. For all else certainly would fail, if every legal proof led nearer to the physical criminality of Landless. This is Mr. Boyd's theory and not mine; but one rather wild yet not untenable idea occurs to me in support of it. The controversy largely turns on a sentence in Forster's "Life of Dickens" about the author's intention of making a murderer describe his experience as if "some other man" had undergone it. I will mention in a moment why I think that Forster's impressions must necessarily have been often mistaken. Is it not just possible that he was mistaken here, and Dickens' meaning was something quite different which sounds somewhat the same? Is it just possible that Dickens really said: "The murderer will confess his crime, and yet when he comes to describe it, it will be the act of another man?"

The testimony of John Forster about Edwin Drood is almost always treated as if it were the sworn evidence of an expert witness on a question of fact. In reality it is merely the momentary impression, made on a sincere but not subtle mind, by the random remarks of a genius about his half-formed fancies, always confused, and in this case deliberately concealed. But, indeed, the very passage which the critics treat as exact is in itself decidedly inexact. Forster reports Dickens as announcing a new and strong idea, difficult to work and impossible to communicate for fear of spoiling the surprise. Afterwards Forster says that "the originality" was to consist of the criminal describing his crime as if it

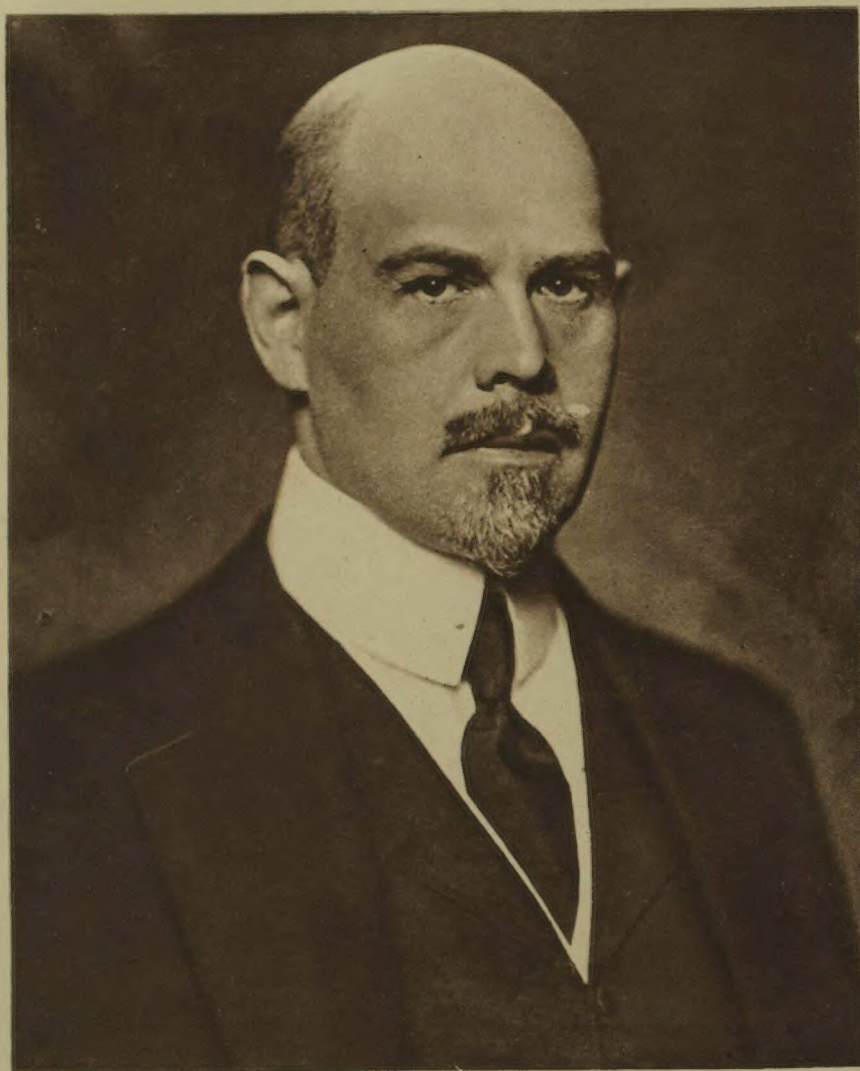
were somebody else's. Most people reading straight ahead would naturally suppose that the originality of the story was also the strong incommunicable idea of the story. They would therefore assume that Dickens, having first called the idea incommunicable, had immediately proceeded to communicate it; and having said that his story would be spoilt by telling his secret, had then told his secret to spoil his story. Anyhow, it is far from clear whether Forster regarded these two ideas as identical or not. Personally, I agree with Mr. Aubrey Boyd that they were not identical. Dickens had something in store more striking than that trick of talking in the third person. But the fact that Forster says that it constituted the whole originality of the story is enough to show that Forster's book is not an impregnable rock of

with the pedantry about Forster; the notion of accepting most literally the very things that are always said most lightly. Anybody might say, of an uncompleted slaying in an unwritten story, that the man was "a murderer," or that he "strangled" the other man. For instance, I think it quite fanciful of Poe to object to Mrs. Rudge being called a "widow." A person who lives and looks like a widow, and is legally regarded as a widow, is called a widow. He might as well call Dickens a liar for describing Miss Trotwood as Miss Trotwood.

But this idea of Edwin's escape has another interest for me. I have never had a real Drood theory of my own. But I have always had a vague notion of my own, which nobody has ever suggested to me. It is, if possible, even vaguer than the real notion probably was, when Dickens first had it and Forster first heard of it. So far as it follows anybody, it follows the admirable remark of Andrew Lang about the very title of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. "If Edwin Drood is dead, there is not much mystery about him." By the way, is Mr. Boyd right in citing Andrew Lang among those who accept the theory of Helena Landless as Datchery? However, the point is that the unfinished story is called a mystery. But if it is only the mystery of who murdered Drood, it is not a mystery at all. It is not even an unfinished story at all. It is not unfinished but finished; and there seems no need of any sequel. Multitudes of Dickensians, including myself, have been completing a complete incident; and considerably wasting our time. As this thought is too appalling to be endured, I will throw out my own vague hint for avoiding it.

I have sometimes wondered whether the mystery of Edwin Drood may have been, not the mystery of how he was killed or escaped killing, of why he reappeared or refrained from reappearing, but something altogether different; something, for instance, in connection with who he was. The mystery might date back to the last generation, to the love-affair of Grewgious, the mysterious feud of the Princess Puffer, and the apparently Asiatic past of Jasper and perhaps of Jasper's sister, the mother of Edwin Drood. In any case, I am almost certain that the story would have worked backwards as well as forwards. Otherwise I cannot see why Dickens dragged in so many things requiring retrospective explanation, such as the opium hag's hatred of Jasper. An idea occurs to me even in connection with the pact of Edwin and Rosa: the idea of some substitution or false relationship. All this is intentionally hazy; but it has the advantage that it might make a mystery that was a mystery of Edwin Drood, and not a mystery of Dick Datchery or even of John Jasper. It would allow of his rising

from the dead and even reappearing as the detective, without these things constituting the real "incommunicable" revelation. That would be, not his doing these things, but rather why he did them. If, for instance, there was some secret of his parentage or identity, he was clearly unconscious of it at the start. But Jasper's attempt might be the beginning of revelations from which he could not, or would not, disentangle himself till they were complete. This would incidentally meet the natural objection to Drood as Datchery, that though the murdered might watch the murderer, he would hardly need to detect him. Suppose he were not detecting his own death but his own birth. Suppose the real mystery began before the story. That is the floating fancy I have always had about Drood; and I am happy to say that I do not care a brass button whether there is a word of truth in it or not.



ASSASSINATED IN BERLIN: DR. WALTHER RATHENAU, THE GERMAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Dr. Rathenau, who was shot dead on June 24, while motoring from his villa in Grunewald, a suburb of Berlin, to the Wilhelmstrasse, was a victim to his desire that the German Republic should be a success. The murdered Minister, who was of Jewish descent, was born in 1867, son of Emil Rathenau, who organised the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft (General Electricity Company). He studied engineering, chemistry, philosophy, and physics; at twenty-six he discovered a method for obtaining alkalis, and other patents followed. Then he joined the A.E.G., and for a time was in Manchester. Later, he added other commercial interests. In 1915 he became President of the A.E.G. In the early days of the war, he originated a scheme for organising the German industries for an economic war against the blockade, and became economic dictator. In May 1921 he became Minister of Reconstruction, and last January he was chosen Foreign Minister.—(Photograph by G.P.A.)

holy scripture. But, in truth, it is absurd to treat as fixed and final, in the evidence of Forster, ideas that were not yet fixed and final even in the imagination of Dickens.

As to the problem of the return of Drood, I would venture to make a distinction. I agree with Mr. Boyd that the mere idea of Jasper "watched by the dead" was not new enough to be incommunicable. But it does not follow that it was not useful enough to be used. Drood as Datchery might be an incident in the story without being the climax of the story. And I doubt, as Mr. Boyd does, whether Datchery was in any case meant to be the climax of the story, whoever he was. But while I attach little importance to Drood being Datchery, I still think there are good arguments for Drood being alive. The arguments against it are all of a kind

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, BARRATT, C.N., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., JULIETTA, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND LAFAYETTE.



EX-PREMIER OF ROUMANIA:
THE LATE M. TAKE JONESCU.



A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE: THE LATE
MR. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.



LABOUR M.P. AND WELSH POET:
THE LATE MR. JOHN WILLIAMS.



OUR DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN
GUEST: SIGNOR SCHANZER.



THE NEW RULER OF MONACO:
PRINCE LOUIS.



RULER AND OCEANOGRAPHER:
THE LATE PRINCE OF MONACO.



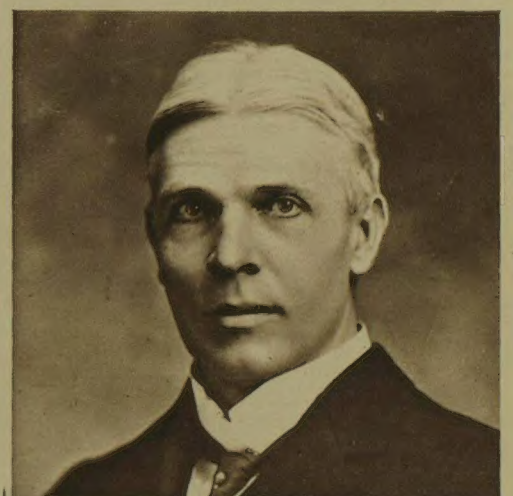
INCLUDING THE DUKE OF YORK (FOURTH FROM LEFT, STANDING) WHO ACTED AS "KOOM" (BEST MAN) TO THE BRIDEGROOM: A ROYAL GROUP
AT BELGRADE AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF KING ALEXANDER OF YUGO-SLAVIA AND PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA (SECOND AND THIRD SEATED).



A GREAT EDUCATOR AND MISSIONARY OF
EMPIRE: THE LATE SIR G. R. PARKIN.



THE NEW HEADMASTER OF TONBRIDGE SCHOOL:
MR. H. N. P. SLOMAN, M.C., M.A.



THE NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF LONDON: MR. H. J. WARING, F.R.C.S.

M. Take Jonescu was formerly Premier of Roumania. It was largely through him that Roumania joined the Allies.—Mr. William Rockefeller was a brother of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.—Mr. John Williams, M.P. for the Gower Division of Glamorganshire, began life as a pit-boy in a colliery.—Signor Schanzer, the Italian Foreign Minister, came to London on a political Mission, on June 25.—Prince Albert I. of Monaco was well known for his researches in marine science. He built Oceanographical Museums both at Monaco and Paris. He is succeeded by his only son, the Hereditary Prince Louis.—In the Belgrade group, the names are (left to right): Standing—Princess Ileana of Roumania, Princess Helene of Serbia (widow of the Grand Duke John Constantinovitch),

the Infante Alfonso of Spain, Duke of York, Crown Prince of Roumania, Prince of Udine, Prince Nicholas of Roumania, Princess Irene of Greece, Prince Paul of Serbia, and Prince Arsene of Serbia. Sitting—The Crown Princess of Roumania, King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia, the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, Queen of Roumania, King of Roumania, Princess Beatrice (sister of the Queen of Roumania, and wife of the Infante Alfonso), and Princess Kira. In Front—Princess Catherine and Prince Wsevolod, children of Princess Helene of Serbia.—Sir G. R. Parkin was organising secretary to the Rhodes Scholarship Trust.—Mr. H. N. P. Sloman has been head of the Modern Side at Rugby.—Mr. H. J. Waring is Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, London University.

NOTABLE EVENTS: THE RATHENAU MURDER; ROYALTY AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, FRANKL (BERLIN), TOPPING (RUTHERGLEN)



VICTORIOUS CAMBRIDGE OARSWOMEN: NEWNHAM COLLEGE EIGHT COMING IN AFTER BEATING THE LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN, AT MARLOW.



THE MOTOR-CAR MURDER OF THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. RATHENAU: OVERTAKEN AND (ARROW) THE DIRECTION OF THE



AT THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL AT SHADWELL: (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE QUEEN, THE KING, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



HOLDING THE BOUQUET HE HAD GIVEN HER: THE QUEEN (WITH THE KING) TALKING TO AN INVALID YOUNG MAN IN SHADWELL PARK.



THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM ARRIVING IN PARIS: THE FIRST REIGNING ANNAMITE SOVEREIGN TO LEAVE HIS KINGDOM.



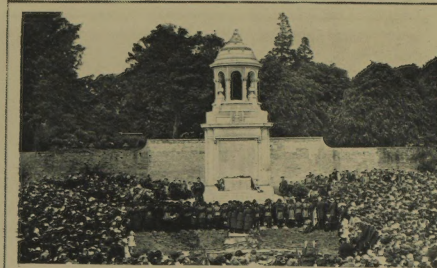
PRECEDED BY MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (WITH SWORD): PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH AT A CEREMONY OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AT POTSDAM.

SHADWELL; A NEW GOLF CHAMPION; POTSDAM PAGEANTRY.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO., C.N., TOPICAL, MANUEL (PARIS), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, SHOWING (X) THE SPOT WHERE HIS CAR WAS OVERTAKEN, FROM WHICH THE SHOTS WERE FIRED.



UNVEILED BY SIR IAN COLQUHOUN, BT., D.S.O.: THE HELEN'SBURGH WAR MEMORIAL, IN THE HERMITAGE PARK.



AN AMERICAN AS THE NEW GOLF OPEN CHAMPION: WALTER HAGEN RECEIVING THE CUP FROM LORD NORTHBOROUGH.



THE VICTOR IN CHINA: GENERAL WU-PEI-FU (NEAREST CAMERA), WITH GENERAL CHANG FANG-YEN, AT TIENTSIN.



AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: MR. P. THESIGER, MR. E. DESBOROUGH, AND MISS GLADYS COOPER (MRS. BUCKMASTER), WITH HER CHILDREN.



DAME CLARA BUTT AS SHOE-BLACK: GIVING SIR GERALD DU MAURIER A "SHINE" AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY—(RIGHT) HER HUSBAND, MR. K. RUMFORD.

The fourth annual rowing match between eights of Newnham College, Cambridge, and the School of Medicine for Women (London University) was won by Newnham, by 4 lengths, at Marlow on June 23. The Newnham crew was: Miss H. Miller (bow), Miss W. Schfield (2), Miss S. Sworn (3), Miss W. Acworth (4), Miss B. W. Bidee (5), Miss E. Ballantyne (6), Miss F. Slater (7), Miss D. Watson (stroke), and Miss M. Hoare (cox). Newnham have now won three times, and one race was a dead-heat.—Dr. Rathenau, the German Foreign Minister, was murdered in the suburbs of Berlin on June 24. He was driving in his car at Crenzeld when it was overtaken by another from which two men fired at him with automatic pistols and threw a hand-grenade. The crime was attributed to Monarchist reactionaries.—A fine war memorial to 205 men of Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, was unveiled there by Sir Ian Colquhoun, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, on June 25. It cost £5000. The architect was Mr. A. N. Paterson, R.C.A.—The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra, on June 24, visited

Shadwell, where his Majesty opened the King Edward Memorial Park and unveiled a bronze medallion portrait of King Edward by Sir Bertram Mackennal. A bouquet of sweet peas was presented to the Queen by Mr. Knibs, a young invalid from St. George's-in-the-East Hospital for Children.—The Open Golf Championship at Sandwich was won on June 23 by W. Hagen (U.S.A.) with a score of 300. Barnes (U.S.A.) and George Duncan (Hanger Hill) tied for second place with 301.—Our photograph of General Wu-pei-fu, the victorious leader of the Chihli troops in China, was taken at Tientsin Central Station on May 9. General Chang Fang-yen is Chief of Staff of the Third Division.—The Emperor of Annam, Khai Dinh, reached Marseilles on June 21, and after visiting the Colonial Exhibition there, went to Paris on the 23rd. He is 35, and ascended the throne in 1916.—Prince Eitel Friedrich of Prussia, a son of the ex-Kaiser, created nine new Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem at Potsdam on June 24.—The Theatrical Garden Party was held at Chelsea Hospital on June 23.

THE "LORD'S" OF THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD OPENED BY THE KING: WIMBLEDON INAUGURATED; FAMOUS PLAYERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., SPORT AND GENERAL,

I.B., L.N.A., ROE, SPECIAL PRESS, AND ALFIERI.



WITH BALL-BOYS IN THE FOREGROUND: THE KING AND QUEEN (ON BALCONY) AT THE OPENING OF THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.



SPACIOUS CATERING ARRANGEMENTS ON THE NEW GROUND AT WIMBLEDON: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEA-ROOMS UNDER THE COVER OF THE STANDS.



WATCHING THE FIRST MATCH AT WIMBLEDON: THE KING (WITH COMMANDER HILLYARD) AND THE QUEEN (WITH MR. E. R. CLARKE)—IN CENTRE, MR. A. W. GORE.



AN ITALIAN PLAYER: CAPTAIN C. COLOMBO.



THE NEW FRENCH CHAMPION: M. HENRI COCHET.



LATELY BEATEN BY MRS. BEAMISH: MRS. MALLORY.



THE SPANISH CHAMPION: SENOR ALONSO.



BEATING MRS. MALLORY AT ROEHAMPTON: MRS. BEAMISH.



A FRENCH COMPETITOR: M. J. BOROTRA.



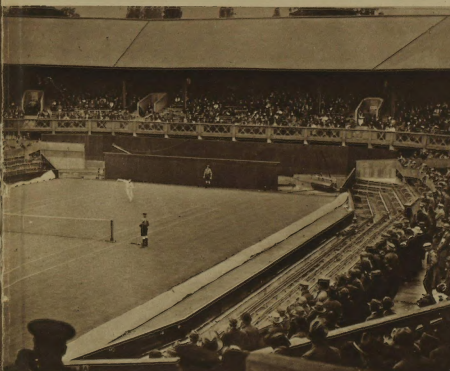
THE LADY CHAMPION AND A POSSIBLE CHALLENGER: MISS LENGLEN (RIGHT) WITH MISS MCKANE AT ROEHAMPTON.



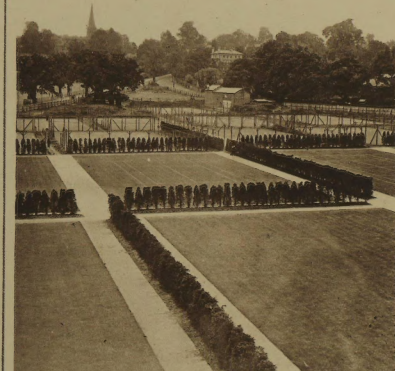
SHOWING THE HARD COURTS IN THE FOREGROUND: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW GROUND AT WIMBLEDON.



THE FIRST MATCH EVER PLAYED ON THE NEW CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON: ROUND OF THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP BEFORE THE KING



MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSOTE AND MR. L. A. GODFREE PLAYING IN THE FIRST AND QUEEN AFTER HIS MAJESTY HAD OPENED THE COURT.



BORDERED WITH YEW-TREES TO PREVENT THE WIND FROM AFFECTING THE PLAY: SOME OF THE NEW OPEN-AIR COURTS AT WIMBLEDON.

The new Lawn-Tennis Ground at Wimbledon was opened by the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, at the inauguration of the Championships Meeting on June 26. Their Majesties' visit was the more appreciated as the rain had made it doubtful whether there would be any play for them to watch. They entered the Royal Box shortly before 3 o'clock, escorted by Commander Hillyard and other officials, while the band played the National Anthem. The new stands and the arrangements generally were much admired. Half an hour later the rain stopped, and the King, who had withdrawn from the box, returned and performed the opening ceremony by striking three blows on a gong. Immediately the tarpaulin over the Centre Court was removed by the referees,

revealing the untrodden grass, and presently the first game to be played on it began. It was a match between Major A. R. F. Kingscote and Mr. L. A. Godfree in the first round of the Singles, and Major Kingscote won by 6-1, 6-3, and 6-0. One of the matches fixed for the next day was between M. Henri Cochet, the new French champion, and Mr. W. C. Crawley. It was understood that Miss Lenglen had decided to defend her title as Lady Champion, and if so, it is expected that her challenger may be Miss K. McKane, who recently beat Mrs. Mallory, the American Lady Champion. Mrs. Mallory has since been beaten in the final of the Ladies' Open Singles in the Roehampton Tournament, by Mrs. Beamish, after a hard struggle, the sets being 1-6, 8-6, and 6-3.

Field-Marshal Wilson—A Soldier—Statesman.

By FRANK FOX, Author of "G.H.Q." etc.

A GREAT statesman of the future died when Henry Wilson fell, sword in hand, confronting his assassins. If they were enemies of England, as one may assume, they killed better than they knew. They aimed perhaps at a soldier whom they thought to be planning a military campaign against Southern Ireland. They killed a statesman who had the qualities—of strength, of moral fibre, and of suppleness in dealing with the vanities of human nature—to lead the kingdom out of the political doldrums of to-day. Like a Damascus blade he was: subtle in parry, coiling around an antagonist's sword to disarm him, but fiercely straight in thrust. About anything he thought a detail, he could be as complaisant as a courtier. About what he regarded as a principle, he was a forthright fanatic.

It was a rare type of mind, and would have been far more powerful in politics than in military service (that is to say, in our British type of community: among a Latin race the soldier who is also a statesman may mount a throne). In politics Wilson would have charmed away some opposition with his natural gaiety of manner and his great capacity for suffering fools gladly; he would have outwitted other opposition; and always he would have had a faithful band of friends who would endure from him a little of what might appear humbugging, because they knew him essentially straight and absolutely fearless on big issues.

It was a happy chance that sent young Wilson to Marlborough. It is one of the best schools of duty in England. Other schools may put on a boy a better polish; may turn him out a finer scholar. Marlborough makes for a certain Spartan dutifulness. Its boys you find very frequently doing the hard jobs on the outer frontiers of the Empire, and content that virtue is its own reward. Henry Wilson was not a very scholarly boy, but had—they tell—his fixed stubbornness even then, and was in danger of being a little lonely and unpopular, and was saved from it by his Irish gaiety and boisterous good-humour.

In the Army Wilson needed all that gaiety and good-humour to make him likable, for he showed that he had ideas, and ideas were rather unpopular in the British Army of the nineteenth century. They were more tolerated after the South African War; but even then the passion this soldier had for studying the political and economic side of things, for thinking out what was going to be the next campaign, and working out its probable methods, was thought to be a little fussy, a little beyond the whole duty of a soldier, which was to wait and obey. But, aided by his flexible adroitness, he won toleration, got reasonable promotion, and was in time able to indulge his fad of preparing the British Staff for the war that he knew Germany was preparing to make on European civilisation. Yet, to know that, to state that, to shape his course of life by that, was about equivalent to a "young person" in those

days owning up to a recognition of the natural facts of life. It was almost indelicate.

Before 1914, Wilson was marked down by the politicians as a dangerous soldier who thought; by his brother officers as a soldier who was rather too fond of keeping company with politicians; by Society as a very amusing fellow who was, however, rather apt to ride over-much his hobby, and to take you away to look at maps. On the other side of the Channel this British officer who spent his holidays in pottering about possibly hostile frontiers was recognised as one who was worthy to be a General in a Continental war: and they probably did not think that of many British officers.

When the Great War did actually come, and did actually take the course he had always predicted,

and Ajax. To his intimates he would explain that "you had to amuse the politicians."

It was after the Great War that Wilson showed his character at the highest. He was now Chief of the General Staff of the British Army, the highest post a soldier can aspire to; and decided to throw it away if necessary in a "forlorn hope" to save the Kingdom from disruption. He announced to the British Government that he continued to hold his position subject to the condition that at a moment's notice he would give it up if necessary and cross over to Ulster. For he thought that might very suddenly become necessary. A hostile Ireland athwart England's Atlantic sea roads must in time, to his view, strangle the British Empire, and the only hope of safety left after the truce with the Southern rebels was to support the loyal North

and to hold that province for the Empire until such time as the South turned to loyalty or disclosed its enmity so clearly as to make its reconquest necessary. To do the utmost possible to keep Ulster secure was to him the path of duty, and of a duty so vital to the existence of the Kingdom and the Empire that it could in no way be neglected by anyone whose mind was capable of grasping the position.

Wilson was firm at this time that he could not meet in conference men who had notoriously been engaged in the murder of the King's servants. But he let the Government know this, so that he should not be asked to do so. As he put it to a friend: "It would not be fair to face my political chief with the alternative of being snubbed by a subordinate or of putting me under arrest." That was characteristic of the man, at once firm in principle and diplomatic in method.

When the time came that he was free to do so, Wilson accepted Sir James Craig's invitation to advise him on the defence of Ulster. The policy he advised was not any plan for great military movements

and conquests. It provided—and provided with clear sagacity—for a guard of the frontier on strictly defensive police lines; and it suggested, with the mind of a statesman and a strategist, that the soundest defence must be in a patient waiting on British public opinion to waken to the realities of the situation. For a "last-ditch" stand under the Union's flag he was prepared, but not without first exhausting every means that offered to preserve the Empire from civil war and disruption. The education of British public opinion was, in his view, the best means to that.

The Ulster people—who are not meek people—had perfect faith in Henry Wilson; and he was, with Sir James Craig, the strongest influence there was for honourable peace in Ireland. Killing him was a bad thing for Ireland, and will be defended only by those who would destroy Ireland in order better to destroy England.



"IN THE GREAT CATHEDRAL LEAVE HIM": THE GRAVE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S, BETWEEN THOSE OF LORD ROBERTS AND LORD WOLSELEY.

After the funeral the grave was a mass of flowers. The Crypt was opened to the public on the following day (June 27) for those wishing to visit it. On the left wall is seen the tablet to Lord Wolseley, and in the centre a cross in memory of Lord Roberts.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

naturally Wilson was not given the full opportunity which his genius deserved. It was not until almost the close that that came. But he did a most valuable job of work as the lubricating oil whenever and wherever French and British joints creaked. It is nonsense, that need not be kept up at this date, to pretend that there was perfect harmony between the French and British armies in the field. There was not. There could not have been, in the nature of things. But for Wilson there might have developed grave friction. As lubricating oil he was even more valuable when the position developed that there were three activities to be reconciled—the British Prime Minister (who had strategic notions of his own), the British Army, and the French Army. At one stage some soldiers would tell you that Wilson was "in the pocket of the French"; others that he was "in the pocket of Lloyd George"; and certainly he persuaded Mr. Lloyd George that he was in his. All the time old Odysseus was getting his own way with Menelaus, Agamemnon,

AT "THE GATE OF IMMORTALITY": A GREAT SOLDIER LAID TO REST.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE LAST RITES FOR SIR HENRY WILSON IN ST. PAUL'S: THE BENEDICTION BY THE ARCHBISHOP.

The service in St. Paul's at the funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, on June 26, was made intensely moving, for all present, by the memory of his tragic end. Many must have recalled the words that he himself had quoted from a Roman poet in honour of fallen soldiers, his last words uttered in public, within an hour of his own death: "On wing sublime eternal valour soars, And, scorning human haunts and earthly shores, To those whom god-like deeds forbid to die Unbars the gate of immortality." Among the hymns sung, by Lady Wilson's express

wish, was "O God, our help in ages past." The service was conducted by Canon Alexander, and the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the Benediction. He is seen on the right in the drawing, crozier in hand. In the centre foreground is the Earl of Ypres, and in the centre background Marshal Foch, standing near Lady Wilson and other mourners. At the end the Dead March in "Saul" was played by the band of the Irish Guards, and buglers of the Rifle Brigade sounded the Last Post and Réveillée.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WILSON FUNERAL: PALL-BEARERS; INSIGNIA; ULSTER "SPECIALS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND G.P.U.



WITH THE TWELVE DISTINGUISHED PALL-BEARERS WALKING ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GUN-CARRIAGE: THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON—THE CORTÈGE JUST AFTER LEAVING HIS HOUSE IN EATON PLACE.



SYMBOLS OF THE UNIVERSAL GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF A GREAT SOLDIER AND PATRIOT: TWO CARS LOADED WITH WREATHS.



CARRYING THE DEAD FIELD-MARSHAL'S MEDALS AND DECORATIONS IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S: THE BEARERS OF INSIGNIA.



COME TO PAY A LAST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A GREAT FELLOW-PATRIOT: A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY AND THE ROYAL ULSTER SPECIAL CONSTABULARY MARCHING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The enormous number of wreaths and other floral tributes testified to the universal grief at the cruel assassination of Sir Henry Wilson. The names of the twelve pall-bearers, officers of the highest rank in the three Services, are given on another page. In the top photograph above, Earl Beatty and Sir William Robertson may be recognised on the far side of the gun-carriage, while Sir Hugh Trenchard (in R.A.F. helmet) and Earl Haig are fourth and fifth from the front respectively on the nearer side. Seven officers acted as bearers of the dead Field-Marshal's insignia, namely, General Sir F. J. Davies, Lieut.-General Sir G. M. Harper, Brig.-General

H. F. E. Lewin, Colonel Vicomte de la Panouse, Colonel L. A. E. Price-Davies, V.C., Captain R. C. Hargreaves, and the Earl of Bessborough. There was only one carriage in the procession, containing Sir Henry Wilson's widow and his mother. Everyone else was on foot. Marshal Foch followed the gun-carriage with the Duke of Connaught and the family mourners. Then came a number of distinguished officers and high officials of the Services, followed by a detachment of Ulster Constabulary. After them were the Admiralty and War Office wreaths, two motor-cars full of wreaths, and a detachment of the 3rd Batt. Royal Ulster Rifles.

A GREAT SOLDIER HONOURED BY HIS PEERS: SCENES AT ST. PAUL'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U.



WITH TWELVE FAMOUS WAR-LEADERS OF THE ARMY, NAVY, AND AIR FORCE AS PALL-BEARERS: THE COFFIN OF SIR HENRY WILSON BEING BORNE INTO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—SHOWING EARL BEATTY AND EARL HAIG.



THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CABINET AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE FUNERAL OF SIR HENRY WILSON: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHURCHILL, DR. MACNAMARA, THE SPEAKER (MR. WHITLEY), MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND MR. EDWARD SHORTT, THE HOME SECRETARY.

The twelve pall-bearers at the funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson started with the gun-carriage in the procession. Some left it later and motored to St. Paul's. The twelve were Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, Lord Methuen, the Earl of Ypres, Earl Haig, and Sir W. R. Robertson, Admiral-of-the-Fleet Earl Beatty, Air Chief Marshal Sir H. M. Trenchard, Generals Sir J. Willcocks, A. F. Gatliff (Royal Marines), Sir C. C. Monro, Bt., and Sir C. F. N. Macready, and Lieut.-General Sir A. S. Cobbe, V.C. In the upper photograph Earl Beatty

can be seen in the background to the left of the coffin, and Earl Haig in the background on the right, with Sir Hugh Trenchard (in R.A.F. hat) in front of him. Sir William Robertson is the third from the front on the left. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack, and on it rested the late Field-Marshal's plumed hat and his bâton. Lady Wilson's wreath of roses and laurel was at the head, and at the other end the flag wrought in flowers. The Prime Minister and all the members of the Cabinet were present in St. Paul's.

The Best of the Book

"RABBITS" AND "CRACKS": LAWN-TENNIS, THE WORLD-GAME.*

LAWN-TENNIS is not fifty years old, but its fascinations are such that it is fairly described as the world-game of to-day. Cricket, football, golf,



A CRACK IN PLAY: B. I. C. NORTON VOLLEYING AT THE NET.—[Photograph by Courtesy of the "Sketch."]

are all played by the Briton abroad, and have been adopted freely, but their universality is by no means that of the younger pastime. As Mr. Burrow notes, "Lawn-tennis has undoubtedly a great attraction for the men and women of other races as a game to play and not merely to watch; and each succeeding year shows that it is a game which they can learn to play every bit as well as their teachers. . . . Convincing evidence of this truth may be found in the fact that out of 128 players in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon in 1921, at least, two-thirds of whom were Englishmen, the last sixteen left in were made up of a Japanese, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, an American, an Indian, an Irishman, two South Africans, an Anglo-Indian, a Canadian, and only five Englishmen."

It is, indeed, a fact that this country is lagging behind in the matter of first-class players. The cause is not far to seek. It is "not that the average merit of English play has deteriorated, but that the average merit of the players of other countries has improved. Above the average rise the few who have a genius for the game; of these there is undoubtedly a dearth amongst home players at the present time, all the more noticeable because, quite naturally, other countries are producing outstanding players. And they produce them mainly," argues Mr. Burrow, "because their players begin to play at a much earlier age than ours do. . . . In America, Australia, France, and many other countries boys play lawn-tennis while still at school, and not only play it, but learn it. They have had, up to the present time, at the very least, five or six years' start of the English boy."

That *learn* was well italicised. For years lawn-tennis was classed by the average schoolmaster as "pat-ball," not to be considered seriously. It was for "Muffs"; not the manly. Thus most "picked up" the game in later years as best they might, lured on by the fatal facility of its beginnings. The times have changed, but there is still immense room for improvement.

Some on this side of the Channel began young, however. "Take A. W. Gore, for example, three times winner of the Singles Championship, and the last Englishman to win it, thirteen years ago. At the age of twelve (he was a very exceptionally early beginner) he was good enough to win a prize in open competition. He first played at Wimbledon in the Championships of 1888, and he was still playing there, for the thirtieth time, last summer! But for the war, Gore might have been playing in his thirty-fifth Championship this year!"

* "Lawn-Tennis: The World-Game of To-Day." By F. R. Burrow. With Numerous Illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.; 16s. net.)

Lawn-tennis in the competitive sense is not, for all that, an "old man's" game. "On the contrary, it is, first and foremost, a game for youth. And to reach the top of the tree youth will, in the future, be a far more important factor than it was until a few years ago. For the game, as it is played to-day, is a very greatly faster game than it has ever been before. . . . The average length of a rally between two good players in the earlier days of the game may very well have been nine or ten strokes; to-day," says our author, "I should doubt if it exceeds half that number in singles, and still fewer in doubles. So strong (and so successful) have the attractions of 'going for a winner' proved."

"The watchword of the modern player is Speed." As to this, Mr. Burrow makes the interesting point that, "If the game had never spread beyond England, its 'speeding up' would probably never have taken place." The English "lawn" makes for slowness; the "hard" court for the reverse. Now grass is pleasant to play upon, if it is in first-rate condition, but it has its natural faults. "For one reason or another, the grass court is usually untrue. The result is that golden rule, 'Keep your eye on the ball.' It has scarcely ever been possible to hit confidently and quickly at the ball, because there was so much uncertainty as to whether any two consecutive balls would rise to the same height and in the same line of flight after pitching. For this reason the game has always been slower, taken as a whole, in England than in countries which use 'hard' courts, on which the ball has a practically uniform bound, and can therefore be played at in full confidence of what it will do after it pitches."

That is, unless you be playing Misu when he is in the mood for fantastic services!



A DEMONSTRATION BY NORTON: A LOW BACK-HAND DRIVE.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Sketch." Reproduced from a set of photographs taken specially for that paper to illustrate lawn-tennis strokes demonstrated by B. I. C. Norton.

"There was a player in this country some years ago," writes Mr. Burrow, "who rejoiced in the possession of no fewer than eight totally different services, all of which were more or less effective—at any rate in his hands; and I should think that Nicolas Misu, the Roumanian who used to add so greatly to the gaiety of the tournaments in which he played, must have employed more than eight. He was certainly an admirable exponent of 'variety' in service. He exploited cuts and chops and slices and twists of all kinds; I have even seen him send over an ordinary, plain, very lofty 'toss,' pitching at the back of the service court and bouncing yards off the ground. Or a slow, underhand and backhand, heavily cut ball that would pitch close to the net and bounce straight back into it!"

It may be wondered whether he knew, also, the origin of the cross-court volley, famed amongst the members of the Wahgunyah Club, Sydney? Mr. S. N. Doust is enlightening. The court had a high wooden fence about five feet away from the side-lines. "Because of that fence, we directed all our strokes across the court, endeavouring to make the ball strike that fence before our opponents could reach it. Many a visiting player would go away with a 'barked' arm or cut leg in his endeavour to get the ball, muttering curses about the fence. The members of the club, however, were too wily ever to attempt that, and let the ball go."

The chief way to counter kindred tactics—in doubles—is, apparently, to be born a twin!

"Twin brothers ever since the pre-lawn-tennis days of Castor and Pollux have proved an almost invincible combination. The Baddeleys and the Allens very worthily translated the classical tradition into terms of lawn-tennis. Even non-twin brothers make successful pairs, as the Renshaws and the Dohertys conclusively demonstrated; but twins are better still, especially if you are so like one another that your opponent can't tell 'other from which, as was the case with the two great pairs of twin brethren just mentioned. Nobody ever knew the Baddeleys apart; there was, indeed, a stock joke amongst those whom they defeated that the better server of the two always fulfilled that function."

Meantime, both "crack" and "rabbit" may get much entertainment and much lucid instruction by word and illustration from the book under review. The author not only knows what he is writing about, but how best to force his points home. Moreover, he realises to the full that common-sense is the greatest ally of orthodoxy. He does not insist that there is but one road to perfection. "It is better," he says, "to make a succession of 'ugly' winners than a succession of losers played in the most artistic way imaginable. This is perhaps a coarse way of looking at the thing, but common-sensible people always get the pull over the aesthete in the long run. . . . There are many right ways, each according to the personal physical capabilities of the player. Take service, for example. The ideal service, in the eyes of the looker-on, is probably the 'cannon-ball' delivery of players like Tilden or Gobert. But these players can only deliver this particular service because their great height enables them to hit the ball down from a point above the ground to which players like Roper Barrett, Mavrogordato, or Doust could not possibly reach. To tell these last three to serve like the first two would be ridiculous, because no man can overcome physical impossibilities."

The same applies to such things as the grip. "Take 'the right way' of holding a racket. There is no one and only right way, because, again, all men are not made alike. . . . One thing, at any rate, is certain; if you hold your racket in a way that is comfortable to yourself, you are much more likely to hit the ball as you want to hit it than if you hold it any way that gives you a cramped and uncomfortable feeling."

"As long as games are played by individual human beings and not by machines there will be different ways of making the strokes required in them. With regard to lawn-tennis strokes, I feel inclined to go nearly all the way (*mutatis mutandis*) with Rudyard Kipling, who remarks—

"There are nine-and-thirty ways of constructing tribal lays, And every single one of them is right."

There writes the expert who is not obsessed by rules and regulations. He is the best type of instructor, and the most likely to be read and followed.—E. H. G.



A CRACK IN PLAY: B. I. C. NORTON SERVING.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Sketch."

LONDON'S TRIBUTE TO THE MURDERED FIELD-MARSHAL: THE FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



FOLLOWED TO THE GRAVE BY BRITAIN'S WAR-LEADERS: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S PASSING ALONG THE EMBANKMENT.

The funeral procession of Sir Henry Wilson, on June 26, was watched in silence by thousands of Londoners who came to pay a last tribute of respect to the great soldier. The cortège left his house at Eaton Place at 11.15 a.m., and arrived at St. Paul's at about 12.20. The King was represented by the Duke of Connaught, and Marshal Foch was among the principal mourners. The coffin was

draped in the Union Jack and borne on a gun-carriage, behind which was led the late Field-Marshal's grey charger. Then followed seven officers bearing his insignia, as shown more clearly in a photograph on another page, where their names are given. The above photograph shows the procession passing along the Embankment just by Waterloo Bridge.

SIR HENRY WILSON'S DOMESTIC SIDE; AND HIS LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., AND L.N.A.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON: CURRYGRANE, EDGEWORTHSTOWN, COUNTY LONGFORD, IRELAND.



SIR HENRY WILSON AS A GARDENER: THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL DIGGING AT HIS COUNTRY HOME AT BAGSHOT, SURREY; WHERE HE KEPT DUCKS.



"WE SOLDIERS COUNT AS OUR GAINS OUR LOSSES": SIR HENRY WILSON MAKING HIS LAST SPEECH AFTER UNVEILING THE G.E.R. WAR MEMORIAL AT LIVERPOOL STREET.

As mentioned under our full-page portrait of him, Sir Henry Wilson was born at Currygrane, Edgeworthstown, on May 5, 1864. Speaking at Caxton Hall last May, he said: "I am an Irishman, born in County Longford, and can say that for about fifty years before Mr. Birrell came into power in 1906, the front door of my home was never shut by day or night." By the irony of fate, it was at his own front door in London that he was murdered. In 1891 he married Cecil Mary, daughter of the late Mr. G. C. Wray, of Ardnamona, County Donegal. He leaves no heir to his baronetcy. His assassination took place on his return home from unveiling the Great Eastern Railway Company's War Memorial at Liverpool



WITH HIS WIFE, WHO CAME OUT OF THEIR HOUSE TO FIND HIM MURDERED OUTSIDE: SIR HENRY WILSON AND LADY WILSON.

Street Station. In the course of his last speech on that occasion he said: "We soldiers count as our gains our losses. Those names we love most to honour are those who died in the great cause. On this tablet are placed the names of twelve or thirteen hundred of our comrades, who, doing what they thought was right, paid the penalty. I think that, on a day like this, the shorter the speeches are the better, and, if you will allow me, I will repeat two short verses—one by a modern poet and the other written by a poet two thousand years ago." Sir Henry then repeated a verse from Kipling's "Recessional" and four lines of Horace. This was his last public utterance.

THE WILSON MURDER: THE SCENE OF THE CRIME; AND THE PRISONERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL



CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF SIR HENRY WILSON: JOHN O'BRIEN.



SHOWING A BULLET-HOLE THROUGH THE DOOR: THE ENTRANCE TO SIR HENRY WILSON'S HOUSE, WHERE HE WAS MURDERED.



CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF SIR HENRY WILSON: JAMES CONNOLLY.



WHERE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON WAS SHOT DEAD BY ASSASSINS: HIS HOUSE AT 36, EATON PLACE, AT THE CORNER OF BELGRAVE PLACE, PIMLICO—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED.

In official statements issued at Scotland Yard after the murder of Sir Henry Wilson, describing the arrest of John O'Brien and James Connolly, both "aged 24, of no occupation and no address," it was said: "The men put up a very violent resistance, and both bear marked traces of violence. They declined to give any account of themselves at first, but now state that they are soldiers, though they refuse to say to what regiment they belong. We have since found a copy of the official organ of the I.R.A. on Connolly, and also a letter which tends to show

that he is a member of or connected with the I.R.A." Connolly is described as 6 ft. in height, and powerfully built. O'Brien, who is a smaller man, has an artificial right leg. He was afterwards found to have been a watchman at the Ministry of Labour. He left his duties at noon on June 22, the day of the murder, and did not return. O'Brien and Connolly were charged with the crime at Westminster Police Court on the 23rd, and, at the inquest on the 26th, they were committed for trial after a verdict of "wilful murder."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

ANONYMITY shows no signs of going out of fashion. If anything, it has strengthened its case in a remarkable addition to books that delight in frank character-drawing. The Cult of the Duster, as this practice might be called, is evidently creeping up. The original gentleman who dusted mirrors managed very plausibly to give the impression of inside knowledge, but he had obvious limitations. It was not very difficult to detect in his work the points where a clever journalist had made the most of "information received." He was only occasionally an insider. But the latest Unknown is at home in high places. He is one who has been in the intimate counsels of the eminent at moments of crisis. He is inwardly informed upon military and political matters, British and French, and on Franco-British relations.

The inevitable question, "Who is he?" has produced the usual swarm of suggestions. One writer is sure it must be Lord Esher; another proposes Captain Peter Wright for the honour; and a third, Sir Philip Sassoon. Possibly all these solutions leave the author smiling behind his mask. Were he the first-named, the notable scantiness of his references to Lord Kitchener would have significance. But that proves nothing. Whoever he be, the author of "THE POMP OF POWER" (Hutchinson; 18s.) is a person of high consideration, with not a little pomp and power of language. His book will command as much attention as "The Mirrors of Downing Street," "Painted Windows," "The Mirrors of Washington," "Makers of the New World," and other anonymous pieces of trenchant literary portraiture. It will certainly carry more weight.

It is a book of revelations. Without animus, the writer sets all his subjects in a clear dry light. He makes no compromise with popular illusions. Here Joffre appears as the General without a plan, non-constructive at a desperate pinch, yet by his cheerful stolidity an upholder of *moral*, a man useful "to ward off danger." The writer brings the struggle for a single command into one ordered narrative. In the same way he treats "The Asquith Dêbâcle." As a condensed index to events and personalities of French politics the book is unique. On detached episodes of home politics certain things, common in the conversation of well-informed circles, are now set down in cold print and brought into proper focus. One chapter, "Lord Northcliffe and his Press," heightens the enigma of the authorship. The writer may not be a journalist—probably is not—but he shows an understanding of the Press world not usual in laymen. In the case of the Press the outsider does not see most of the game. This writer, however, may be a brilliant exception.

Enough has been said to whet the reader's curiosity about a very remarkable book. On a side issue, one passage has a rather curious interest in relation to an old piece of character-drawing. Take the modern instance first—

By common consent Mr. Balfour has great charm of manner. But his detachment is something hardly human. I have heard him, at a critical period of the war and while he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, discuss after dinner the prospects, the chances of our ultimately winning or losing, with the interest of a person observing a great phenomenon which in no way affected him personally—the interest one might have expected to be displayed by a week-end visitor from Mars.

This post-prandial detachment of manner is the inheritance of a Cecilian trait noted, in Elizabeth's time, by that shrewd observer, Roger Ascham. Here is the ancient instance—the scene is a dinner at Windsor—

Mr. Secretarie (Cecil) hath this accustomed manner, though his head be never so full of most weighty affaires of the Realme, yet at dinner time he doth seem to lay them alwaies aside; and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantlie of other matters, but most gladlie of some matter of learning; wherein he will curteslie heare the minde of the meanest at his Table.

The two passages are nearer on all fours than may at first appear; for in Mr. Balfour's case the affair of State, too weighty to be evaded, had become the "matter of learning" to be discussed academically. It is a subtle refinement upon the ancestral Cecil's habit, very much in character. Whether Mr. Secretarie Cecil's kinsman of to-day suffers meaner wits



A "GOLDEN MYTH" OF OLD EGYPT? A HORSE'S HEAD IN IVORY (2½ IN. LONG) FROM THE MACGREGOR COLLECTION.



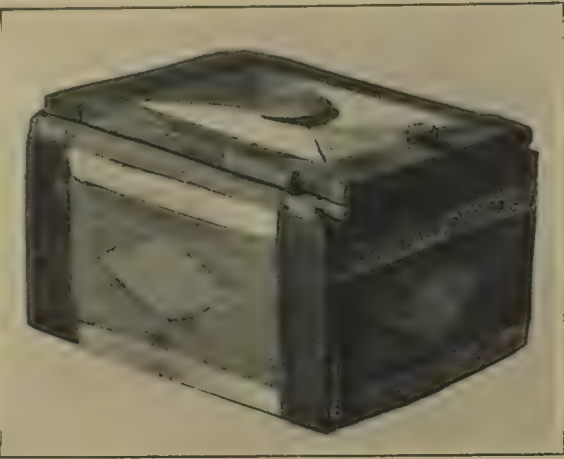
FASHIONED OVER 4000 YEARS AGO: A BLUE FAIENCE HIPPOPOTAMUS FROM A TWELFTH-DYNASTY TOMB AT ABYDOS.

The body (6 in. long by 4 in. high) is decorated with water-plants and a dragon-fly. There are holes in the jaws for teeth.



THE HORSE IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE: A STUDENT'S TRIAL-PIECE IN LIGHT TERRA-COTTA.

The MacGregor sale catalogue describes this as "A student's trial-piece . . . the forequarters of a horse . . . 4½ in. long by 4-8 in. high."



USED IN THE DIM PAST BY SOME ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BEAUTY: A TOILET-BOX FOUND AT THEBES.

The box is of sycamore and ebony inlaid with ivory and blue faience, with a red-stained ivory button on the lid. It is 4½ in. long by 3½ in. wide and 3 in. high.



FOUND ON THE HEAD OF A MUMMY AND PROBABLY UNIQUE: AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HELMET (7½ IN. HIGH) IN PALE-GREEN FAIENCE.

All the objects illustrated on this page are from the Rev. William MacGregor's great collection of Egyptian antiquities, the sale of which began at Sotheby's on June 26, to be continued on June 27, 28, 29, and 30, and July 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.

gladly is another matter, upon which the continuation of the passage first quoted may throw some light. The way in which he met an egregious after-luncheon platitude will bear a slightly different interpretation from that put upon it by our anonymous historian. But even then the Cecilian courtesy is never for a moment in doubt. When you read the book, as you must and will, you will decide Mr. Balfour's meaning for yourself.

It is doubtful how far modern writers ought to imitate, even remotely, a classic. It may be personal prejudice, but I am inclined to think that "THE NEW DECAMERON" is too dangerous an experiment, however interesting it may be as a collection of short stories by present-day writers of high quality. It is, to be sure, an imitation with a famous precedent, but even Marguerite of Valois comes some distance behind Boccaccio. Chaucer is a different affair altogether. He used another medium, and his genius transmuted his material into an original work. He had the wisdom also not to challenge odious comparison in his title. It may be unfair to let this comparison interfere with appreciation of "The New Decameron," but it is inevitable—a penalty the reader pays as well as the writers.

Volume III. of "THE NEW DECAMERON" (Blackwell; 7s. 6d.) contains stories by writers whose names are sufficiently tempting,

almost a guarantee that, if the spirit of Boccaccio is to be recaptured, they, or some of them at least, are the people to succeed. But the "Decameron" was the child of an age, and that age is gone beyond recall. In Boccaccio's mirror we can still enjoy its reflection; his trick is scarcely to be repeated. One modern writer alone came within measurable distance of the feat in a single instance when he expressed the fourteenth-century in terms of the nineteenth. In one scene of "Il Piacere," D'Annunzio seems to have transposed into the modern key the situation of the lover locked out in "Helena and the Scholar." But D'Annunzio is in temperament so much a throw-back to the Renaissance that effects of this kind come to him by birthright. It is no disparagement to the writers in "The New Decameron" to say that their great gifts do not lie in the way of the successful anachronism.

The connecting thread, so appropriate and easy-flowing in Boccaccio, is in the new work only a jarring interruption. It cuts rudely across Miss Sackville-West's powerful and bizarre little episode, "Chelsea Justice," just when the writer seemed to be rounding it to a full close. One grudges being cheated of her completed art in any way, and there was some reassurance in the title story of her new book, "THE HEIR" (Heinemann; 6s.), but it is in the novel that her great strength lies, and her admirers look to that for the perfect flowering of her genius. To her grasp of situation and character she brings a vigorous style free alike from preciosity and strain. She is one of the very few younger writers who never torture English to wring from it an arresting phrase. Some good fairy has taught her the almost lost art of paragraph sequence. All these virtues of manner would be nothing if she had not matter as well. Matter she has, together with fine invention and a sound groundwork of knowledge. How delightfully, for example, she plays with feudal formulæ in "The Heir," handling them as old Izaak would have his compleat angler handle the frog! One of these days Miss Sackville-West should give us an undoubted masterpiece. But it will be delayed if she flirts overmuch with pseudo-Decameronians.

The following lawn-tennis books, of the moment topical, have been received: "IT'S ALL IN THE GAME," by William T. Tilden (Methuen; 5s.), whose name carries its own authority; "LAWN TENNIS DO'S AND DON'TS," by A. E. Crawley (Methuen; 2s.), both books useful alike to the expert and the inexpert; and "FIRST STEPS TO LAWN TENNIS," by A. E. Beamish (Mills and Boon; 4s.), a sound guide for beginners. Messrs. Methuen also issue Mr. Tilden's "LAWN TENNIS FOR CLUB PLAYERS," and "LAWN TENNIS FOR MATCH PLAYERS" (2s. 6d. each), an excellent double in handbooks.

A CAUSE THAT INTERESTED SIR HENRY WILSON: BELFAST SUFFERERS.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ULSTER.



WHERE OVER 200 FAMILIES HAVE BEEN BEREAVED OR IMPOVERISHED BY OUTRAGES ON ULSTER LOYALISTS: A WEEKLY QUEUE OF DEPENDENTS OF WORKMEN KILLED OR DISABLED RECEIVING RELIEF IN BELFAST.

Sir Henry Wilson, whose death was probably due to his efforts on behalf of Ulster, took a great interest in the work of the Ulster Loyalist Relief Fund, which helps the widows and families of the victims of outrages. In a note on his drawing, Mr. L. Raven Hill writes: "Every Friday, in a dimly-lighted corridor of the old Town Hall of Belfast, a long queue of the dependents of the loyalist workers killed or disabled in the recent disorders (or rioting) can be seen, applying for relief. Most

of the women wear dark shawls, which are not worn in other parts of Ulster. Many of them are carrying babies. There are a few men among them who have been injured; some still bandaged. They receive sums varying from a few shillings to a pound or two, according to the needs of their families, until permanent employment can be found for them. Between 200 and 300 families are now receiving assistance from this fund."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WITH ADVERTISEMENTS ON WALLS AND A TABLE LAID FOR DINNER: LIFE IN BURIED POMPEII—NEW "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR

THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHEOLOGIST, OF THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.



PAINTED ON THE FRONT WALL OF A SHOP—THE FIRST ON THE LEFT IN THE STREET SHOWN BELOW: A MARINE VENUS IN BOAT-SHAPED CAR DRAWN BY ELEPHANTS, FOUND AT POMPEII.



RESTORED BY MEANS OF A CAST, AND DOOR, 17 FT. HIGH, IN A NEWLY



REPLACED ON ITS HINGES: A GREAT DOUBLE EXCAVATED POMPEIAN BUILDING.



FOUND WITH THE TABLE LAID READY FOR A MEAL, AND A BRONZE BALANCE USED AS KITCHEN SCALES: THE TRICLINIUM (DINING-ROOM) OF A NEWLY EXCAVATED TWO-STORY HOUSE AT POMPEII.



WITH PICTURES (INCLUDING THE "VENUS," SHOWN ABOVE), SIGNS, AND ELECTION APPEALS PAINTED ON THE WALLS: A NEWLY EXCAVATED STREET AT POMPEII—SHOP-FRONTS AND AWNINGS.



SHOWING THE SHRINE OF THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, WITH WALL-PAINTINGS, STATUES, VINE-TRELLISES, AND FOUNTAIN: A WING OF A NEWLY EXCAVATED HOUSE AT POMPEII, WITH ITS INTERIOR COURT AND GARDEN.

The remarkable results of the new excavations at Pompeii, as illustrated above, are described by Professor Federico Halbherr in his article on another page. They are rendered still more interesting at the moment by the fact that Vesuvius, whose great eruption of August 23, A.D. 79, overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum, has of late been showing signs of alarming activity, so much so that large crowds collected on the sea-front at Naples and fine ashes descended on that city. Professor Halbherr's full notes on the above photographs (taken in order from left to right, from the top) are as follows: (1) "The marine Venus in her ship drawn by four majestic elephants: a picture on the exterior wall of the first shop on the left side of Photograph No. 4 (*i.e.*, the upper painting to the right of the window). (2) The fine double door, 17 ft. high, restored by a cast and replaced on its hinges, in one of the latest houses discovered. (3) The

triclinium of a lately found two-storeyed house, with part of the table service in place, and the bronze balance for kitchen use. (4) The newly excavated street, with shops and *tabernae* and quadruple windows (preserved in the second house on the left). The shops and houses are protected against rain and sun by awnings or suspended roofs; their walls bear painted signs and election appeals. In some houses at the end of the street the upper floor is still standing. (5) The interior court and garden of the house with the great folding door. One of its pillared wings, with ornamental statues, and trellises for vines. In the middle, the shrine of the household gods, and the fountain for the use of the garden." As Professor Halbherr points out, the new discoveries are of the highest importance for the study of Pompeian architecture, especially of private houses, and have corrected several previous misconceptions.

AN AERIAL ASSAULT-AT-ARMS: BOMBING A DISABLED TANK AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE PAGEANT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



WITH THE LEADER (ON RIGHT), MARKED BY A STREAMER, ON THE RUDDER, STILL CARRYING

In spite of the very un-summerlike weather on Midsummer Day (June 24), the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon was a great success, and only three items of a long and varied programme were abandoned. Over a hundred pilots and machines and three hundred mechanics were engaged in what might be termed an aerial assault-at-arms, and the strong wind and rain added to its value as a training test. There were more than 80,000 people present. The principal spectator was the Duke of York, who is a Wing-Commander in the R.A.F. He arrived with Captain F. E. Guest, Secretary of State for Air, and watched the

ANOTHER BOMB: FOUR SOPWITH "SNIPES" ATTACKING A DISABLED TANK AT HENDON.

displays from the Royal Stand, seen in the background of our illustration. The event shown in the drawing was the bombing of a dummy disabled tank by four low-flying Sopwith "Snipes," piloted respectively by Flight-Lieut. E. L. Howard-Williams, M.C., and Flying Officers H. E. Walker, M.C., D.F.C.; C. E. Maitland, D.F.C.; and F. O. Travers, D.F.C. They each dropped three practice bombs as they circled round the target, one bomb at a time. The leading machine, it will be noted, has still one bomb (seen underneath it) to be dropped when returning on the last round.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE return of the Prince of Wales, safe and sound, after an Empire trip of great magnitude and importance, is specially delightful to women who were nervous about his safety, as the way of women is when menkind are afar. With the Queen, too, our sympathies were specially keen. Now all is well, the Heir Apparent, who is a winner of hearts, is among us again, and looking his own bright, sunny self.

It brought a lump into my throat at the Gala afternoon at the International Horse Show when the King and Queen rose and turned to the back of the Royal Box to welcome with very apparent impressiveness the author of that deathless sentence: "They shall not pass"—Marshal of France Pétain. The King and Queen seated him between them and devoted most of their conversation to him. A pale man, with blue eyes and bald, not tall, but erect and soldierly, he looked more a dreamer than a man of action. Yet what he did, and how grand he was! Not far from him, below, in the diplomatic stand, sat Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador. What memories the sight of these two men awakened, and how one wondered what they thought—if they thought of each other at all!

More people than ever before intend to introduce their motor-cars into their summer holiday schemes. They are very wise, and will be wiser still if they eschew inns and country hotels for meals. To state the bald truth, these are absolutely hopeless save as mediums for indigestion and kill-joys for the route. At Mappin and Webb's, either 158, Oxford Street, 172, Regent Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street, are the most perfectly fitted motor luncheon and tea cases, in which appetising and really nourishing good food can be easily and daintily carried. Luncheon baskets for six persons are only 15 guineas, and contain all that can be required; while the two-seater luncheon case is £10. A combined luncheon and tea case costs £27. They are well worth their price, for at really good hotels they can be replenished. A case with a thoroughly reliable thermos (which will keep liquid quite hot for twenty-four hours), and a sandwich-tin, is all right for a short run, and costs only £2 15s. At Mappin and Webb's I saw the only cocktail cabinet I have ever seen. It contained glasses and mixers, and everything required for these delectable *apéritifs*, and tumblers and glasses of the loveliest cut glass one can imagine. The cocktail habit has come our way, and the cabinet would be a cherished male possession.

Princess Yolanda of Italy has always possessed for me an absorbing interest, because, for some years, I have had ideas about her which I have kept largely to myself: if I gave voice to them I got laughed at. Her Royal Highness came amongst us last week quietly and saw something of our great city. She is very attractive, charming in manner as in person. Possessing magnetism in an astonishing degree, she has also a very fine character, and has grown up to nearly her twenty-first year in the best possible surroundings. Her father is a remarkably fine man; her mother, a splendid sportswoman and a lover of her kind, has made herself a prime favourite in Italy. She is a splendidly handsome woman, and Princess Yolanda is like her, and also like the Queen-Mother of Italy, the peerless Pearl of Savoy. Princess Yolanda

is a fine horsewoman, very accomplished and clever. Her welcome when she comes again, not incognito, will be a genuine and warm one. I hear that she is quite broad-minded about religion, and since she could think for herself has always been so. The time of her visit gave her the opportunity for seeing London at its brightest and best, for the week of the Prince's return was the fullest of the season.

A very large number of presentations were made at the Courts of last week. It is significant that ladies returning from abroad and asking to be bidden to a Garden Party, were, instead, invited to a Court. Naturally, they were greatly pleased, and it goes to prove that presentations will never again be made at Garden Parties. If there is one at Buckingham Palace this season, it will take place quite near the end of the season. At present, there is doubt if one can be fitted in.

There is some difference of opinion as to which of the dresses worn by the Queen at the Courts suited her Majesty best. One was of parchment-coloured and gold silk with a raised design in parchment-coloured velvet. It was trimmed with gold embroidery and motifs of tubular ivory and gold beadwork from which fell long, handsome tassels. A parchment and gold brocade train was worn, finished with gold embroidery. At the other Court the Queen wore a lovely deep flax-flower blue and gold brocade dress, with beautiful old lace arranged on the bodice. The gold train was draped and almost entirely veiled with the beautiful Carrickmacross lace which was a gift to the Queen from the women of Belfast. Diamond and sapphire jewels were worn, and, of course, on each occasion a full-length train and the ribbon and star of the Garter and the Garter itself.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles was at the first Court wearing a lovely soft brocade dress of delphinium-blue and gold with gold lace and embroideries and a gold lace train. Diamond and sapphire jewels went, of course, most effectively with this dress. The Duchess of Devonshire was once more in attendance on the Queen as Mistress of the Robes, and on Wednesday night wore a lovely gown of yellow and gold brocade with a train of the same lovely fabric, and superb diamonds, including the famous all-round crown-shaped tiara—an heirloom in the Cavendish family. On Thursday night her Grace of Devonshire had a dress of cream-colour, gold and silver brocade, and a train of lovely and rare old family lace. The Duchess of Newcastle's dress, of the most wonderfully multi-coloured iridescent bead embroidery on white net over white satin, was one of the most successful seen at the first Court.

The hope for pretty dresses ready for Cup Day at Ascot is that they may see the sun and adorn the persons of their owners at garden parties. Ere the season closes there will probably be several such opportunities, but the sun has fits of withdrawing in the sulks before the north wind. From Ascot on is the time we look for outdoor amusements, yet the past seasons have shown us the finest summer weather in May and possibly first ten days of June. Last year the King and Queen's Garden Party had dry but dull weather; Goodwood had two good and two execrable days; and Cowes wind and rain for a good part of the week. We must hope for better things this year.

Our hands will cost us more. The Government, which turns a horrified eye on any suggestion of protection in trade, picks out, as it thinks it will, small things to be taxed. The latest is fabric gloves, and this falls hardly on us women. The price of gloves is appalling—for the best suèdes to the elbow, a guinea a pair; and for two-button lengths in kid or suède, anything from 10s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. for reliable pairs. Now our only resource from these big

prices are to be taxed and made dearer for us. We should declare a strike, and wear no gloves until the prices come down; but strikes never pay, so I suppose we shall have to.

"If you go farther you may fare worse" is a good and wise old saw. I often think of it when women friends tell me of the skin-foods and complexion preparations for which they pay exorbitant prices, and I look and decide, in my own mind, that the result does not justify the outlay. Then it occurs to me that Beetham's "La-rola" is our own product, made in Cheltenham, with an acknowledged value and most moderate cost. There are no mysterious secrets about it; it is all honest and above-board. The use of the "La-rola" milk keeps the skin soft and velvety. The "La-rola" rose-bloom is just right for its purpose; so is "La-rola" lily-bloom; and "La-rola" tooth-paste is splendid for the teeth. Therefore it seems to me that if we leave our own old friend, protector, and preserver of our complexions for others, we do fare much worse.

There is among women a very keen interest in Harrods' sale, which opens on Monday next, the 3rd inst., and lasts for just one week. This sale, one entirely of Harrods' own first quality stock, intrigues everyone who prides her or himself on getting the best value for their money. Beautiful georgette steel-bead embroidered dresses will be offered for 9½ guineas; and a variety of really smart afternoon gowns which were sold for 9½ guineas will be found reduced to £6 18s. 6d. Seaside morning coats and skirts knitted with an over-checked design for 20s. are real bargains, and they are in several colours. Weatherproof coats are a welcome feature of this sale, and will be offered from 14s. 6d.; capes from 10s. 6d. Well-cut and well-made skirts will be sold in cotton and piqué from



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

Despite the many new materials in vogue just now, georgette more than holds its own, and it specially adapts itself to draped effects, such as Pam has devised for the above melon-coloured dress, with its wing sleeves which button closely to the wrist.



GARDEN-PARTY FROCKS.

There is always a demure charm about grey which is irresistible and Pam (109 and 110, New Bond Street) has designed the frock on the left, of georgette of that hue, with a crinoline hat to match with shades of mauve in the lacquered flowers. Pam is again responsible for the cream crêpe marocain on the right.

5s. 9d. to 6s. 9d.; while taffeta skirts at 14s. 9d. sounds almost too good to be true. There are fine bargains in furs. Gloves are a very special item in the sale, for all know how reliable Harrods' gloves are; washable doeskin, fringed at the side, for 3s. 11d. a pair, is just one example of many equally sound investments. Hats, children's clothes, and those for men and boys, and everything for the house are all included in this wonderful week's sale, during which Harrods will be open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Orders early by post are wise, as naturally there is competition for the best bargains

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKY



The great and always increasing demand for

“BLACK & WHITE”

both at Home and Abroad, is due to its consistent high standard of quality. A Blend of fine quality Whisky can only be maintained through the holding of adequate stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies. The largest stocks of these Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC. MUSIC IN THE CINEMA.

MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS recently gave a lecture on the subject of music in the cinema, in the course of which he made a number of sound suggestions. Chief among these was an appeal to producers always to call in a professional musician at an early stage in the production of any good film, and commission him to produce suitable music. Now, this is the only legitimate way of obtaining music for films. By it alone can we hope to get something that will have artistic value; something that will not outrage the feelings of all musical people. At present, music is supplied in most cinemas in England in one of the two following ways: It is left to the gentleman or lady at the pianoforte, organ, or mechanical music-producer—and, if there is a band, to its leader—to select and arrange music for the films out of the musical library belonging to the cinema. This library may consist of all kinds of music, from classical to popular. The music will be taken in scraps, a piece here and a piece there—sometimes only a few bars long—and will be fitted to the film more or less accurately. Owing to the strain of constantly having to fit music to new films, there will inevitably be a strong tendency to standardisation, and, once the musical director finds music suitable to go with galloping horses, then, in that cinema, horses will always gallop to the same piece of music, and so on. This being the inevitable result of the conditions, our American cousins, with that shrewd insight which becomes them so well, have carefully prepared to take advantage of it. They will relieve this individual musical director of all his worries by supplying him with a vast repertoire of music already selected for every conceivable human emotion and dramatic incident. Once upon a time, a Heppelwhite chair was a chair made by Mr. Heppelwhite, and a Chippendale bureau was a bureau made by Mr. Chippendale, but no one knows who makes our chairs and bureaus nowadays. They are not made by anyone; they are turned out in the gross by machines and knocked together by human machines, and they have neither beauty nor character. Once upon a time our music was composed by Beethoven, Mozart, and other composers, whose work always bore the stamp

of its author's personality; but our American music-factories are now producing music for the cinema as our other factories produce chairs for the cinema. The music is classified according to the emotional situations most popular in the cinema world. In the catalogue, No. 93, say, will figure as "Grief"; No. 28, "Despair"; No. 9, "Resignation"; No. 10, "Mother Love"; No. 11, "Wifely Forgiveness"; No. 12, "Reconciliation"; No. 103, "Girlish Joy"; No. 253, "Murderous Thoughts"; No. 2, "Home-sickness"; No. 974, "Baffled Rage"; No. 14, "Dreaming." All the musical director at any cinema theatre

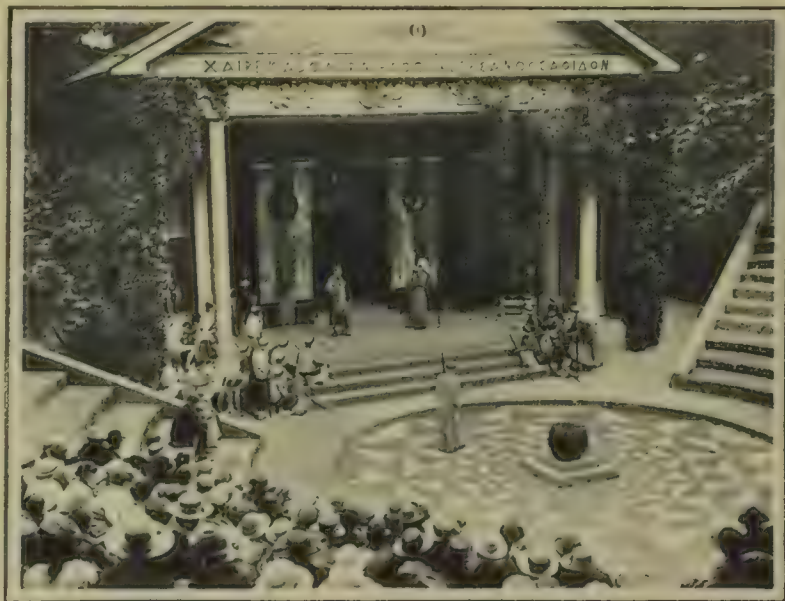
that they have to be dropped for a fresh lot. Then the same process is repeated.

Now, quite apart from the viciousness of this system merely as far as the ordinary cinema audience is concerned, there is another point to be considered. What is the effect on the musical person who happens to go to a film and is tortured by hearing, mediocresly played, broken up and distorted scraps of beautiful music? It is quite possible to ruin for the public in this way all the finest music of the past. Personally, I know that one of the principal reasons why I keep out of cinemas is that I simply dare not run the risk of the music. I don't so much mind a cinema band playing jazz music—even that I like to hear well played—but to have to listen to good music cut and distorted to fit idiotic film-dramas, and badly played into the bargain, that is more than I can possibly stand, and there must be hundreds like me—one day there will be thousands, and then hundreds of thousands!

Now, the practical and sensible remedy for this is what Mr. Goossens suggested. Film-producers should commission good musicians to write the music to their scenarios. The composer should study the film as it is in process of becoming; he should be there at the beginning, and the film should only be complete when it has his music fully completed to go with it. This will give a chance to young composers to use their gifts and their science in a practical way, and it is in a practical way that all artists should serve their apprenticeship. There is no need to worry about the quality of the music thus obtained. The film-producers should have plenty of courage, and take risks by boldly commissioning all young musicians who have tried their hands, or wish to try their hands, at composition. They could not possibly produce anything worse than the present hotch-potch of music performed in cinemas. Further, every cinema audience would know that with every new film it

was going to hear music that had been specially written for that film—music that it had not heard before. How stimulating that would be, only those with a little imagination can realise. For, as Mr. Edwin Evans rightly remarked after Mr. Goossens' address, the people who cater for the amusements of the public do not understand that the average man cannot analyse accurately the sources of his pleasure or his dissatisfaction. They think that

[Continued overleaf.]



THE BRADFIELD GREEK PLAY REVIVED AFTER EIGHT YEARS: THE "ANTIGONE" OF SOPHOCLES IN THE SCHOOL'S FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATRE.

The first Greek play given since the war in the chalk-pit theatre at Bradfield College was the "Antigone" of Sophocles, successfully performed by boys of the school on June 24. Among the audience of 1500 was Mr. Asquith. Further performances were arranged for June 29 and July 1 and 4. [Photograph by Central Press.]

has to do is to get a library stocked with all these musical patterns and use them as required. Even if he does not get them all ready-made in this way, but arranges them himself, the result will be the same in the end. At present, if you go to five different cinemas in London and see five different films, the chances are that you will hear the same pieces of music in all of them. They are used until they are so threadbare, so worn and hackneyed with repetition

SOME "DON'TS" for smokers

HERE and there you may meet smokers who take from a cigarette the full pleasure that it has to give them. Their advantage is in the observance of a few easily remembered "Don'ts"—

Don't smoke too much

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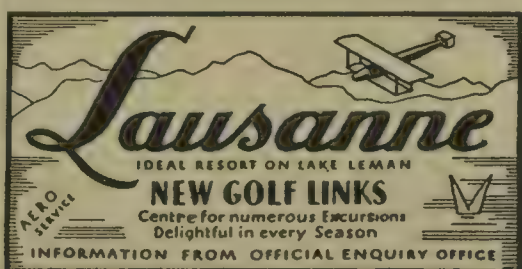
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Continued. because the public does not complain of the music, it must necessarily be satisfied with it; but this presupposes a high degree of development of the critical faculty in the public. As a matter of fact, each single item counts in the general impression made upon an audience, even although that audience may not be able to separate that general impression into its constituent parts. A man knowing nothing of music will go home from one cinema theatre in an agreeable frame of mind: he will have enjoyed himself, and, as Mr. Evans remarked, where he has enjoyed himself, thither he will return. Now, the cause of his superior enjoyment in the one theatre may have been the music, although the man himself was totally unconscious of this fact.

Mr. Goossens strongly advocated larger and better-quality bands in cinemas. I am all with him for improving the quality of the players, but I think seven or eight performers ample for any cinema. Mr. Goossens himself deprecated the practice of sandwiching orchestral concerts between



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Photograph by Guérin, St. Malo.

films. Well, I am not so sure that this is not to be encouraged. Certainly less ideal conditions in which to hear music than between the films at an ordinary cinema could not well be imagined, but if the music were well played it might have some educational value. It is, however, very likely that in the future all the music in cinema theatres will be mechanically provided.

This would be a great artistic step forward, paradoxical as that statement may appear. The drudgery of playing in a cinema makes first-rate—or anything approaching first-rate—playing absolutely unattainable. Far better is the mechanical efficiency of an instrument like the pianola or the Folian organ! Also, its mechanical character is more consonant with the mechanical nature of the film, and composers will find far more scope in writing music to films for mechanical instruments than they could possibly hope for if they had to write for individual players of varying capacities in groups of all sizes, from a solitary pianist to a band of thirty-five.

With mechanical instruments there is also the possibility of synchronisation with the projector, so that we could see dances in which the movements of the figures were in time with the music. This, as all who have ever seen ballets on the film know, is not what we are accustomed to see. W. J. TURNER.



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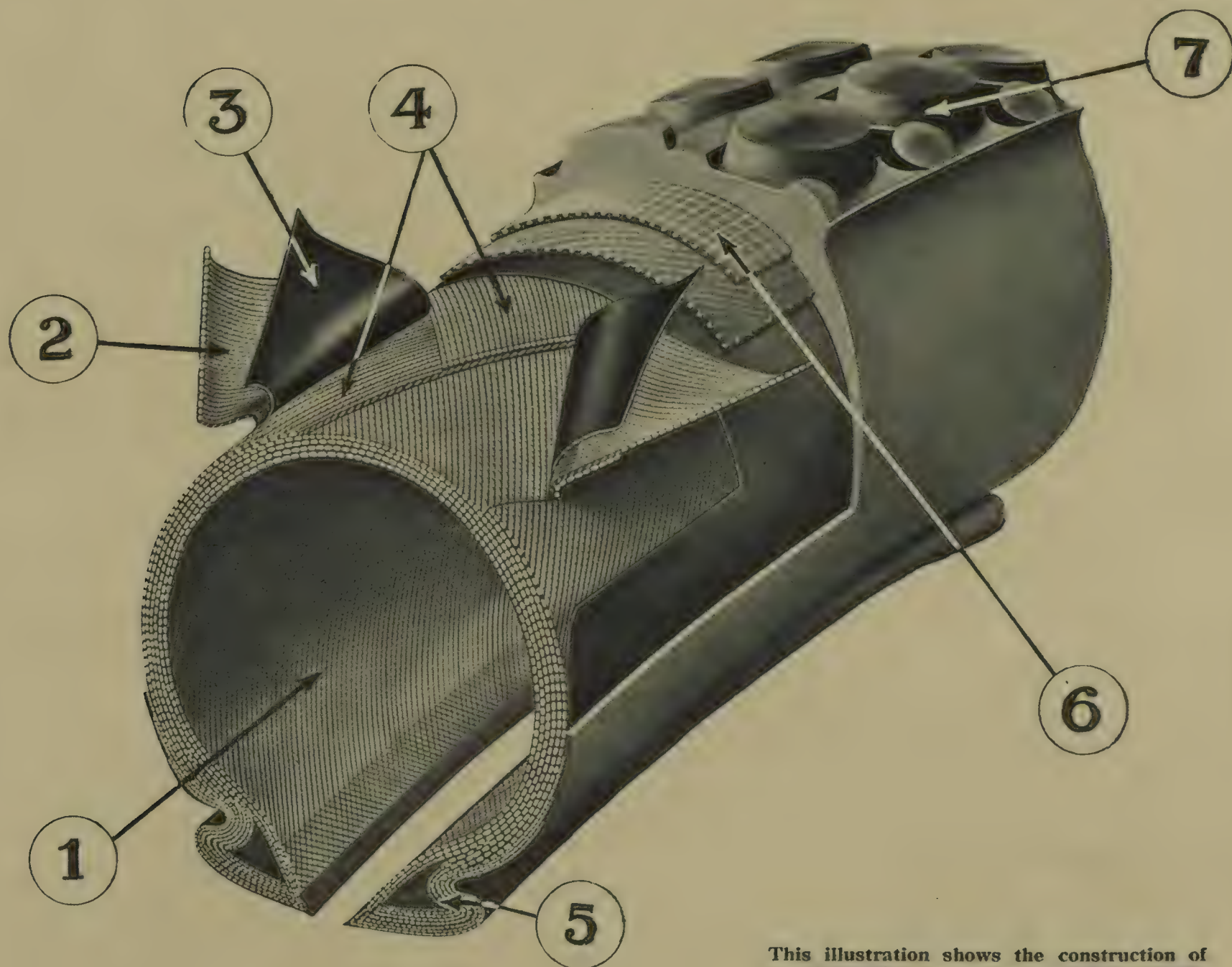
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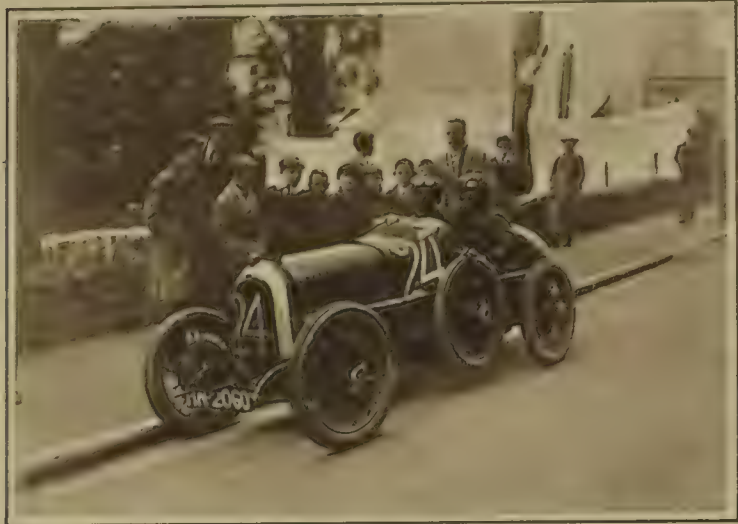
The constructional method practically eliminates destructive internal heating. Friction between the materials is considerably reduced by the arrangement of the layers of straight cords diagonally across each other, with insulating plies of pure rubber interposed between them. All over-lapping and thickened joins are in this way eliminated. The life of the tyre is hugely increased, and petrol consumption considerably reduced. In addition, increased resiliency is secured, which, combined with the extra size as compared with canvas tyres, means more comfort and reduced maintenance cost.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Baited Hook. The Ministry of Transport has recently made what is probably the most extraordinary proposal which has ever emanated from a Government Department. Appreciating at long last that the horse-power tax on motor



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL "1500" TROPHY RACE IN THE ISLE OF MAN: SIR A. LEE GUINNESS IN THE 1½-LITRE TALBOT-DARRACQ RACER.

vehicles is about the most unpopular impost of the day, it now suggests that the motorist himself should assist in formulating some other scheme whereby he may be relieved of his money to the tune of not less than ten and a quarter millions sterling per annum. And this sum is to be quite independent of receipts for licenses in respect of horse-drawn vehicles, drivers' licenses, and penalties for offences!

According to the wording of the document issued by the Ministry to the Press and the motoring organisations, it is essential that all schemes submitted should be restricted to definite methods of taxation only. They should show precisely the proposed methods, and should be accompanied by a detailed estimate of the receipts therefrom, both gross and net. The estimate should also show the figures upon which it is arrived at—which figures should, so far as is possible, be capable of verification, and information should therefore be supplied to show the source from which they have been obtained. It should also be accompanied by a memorandum showing the

proposed methods of collection. It is set forth that the present approximate costs of collection, including registration of vehicles and the issue of driving licenses, is £350,000 per annum. Any increase in this figure under any alternative system will, of course, necessitate a compensating increase in the gross receipts. The memorandum should also indicate the advantages which the scheme submitted has over the existing system. "Mere statements of opinion, unsupported by any concrete proposals, cannot be considered."

If the Ministry of Transport had ever displayed a disposition to deal in good faith with the motorist or his car, one might be inclined to think that the proposal had its merits. But, as it is, I cannot help thinking that the best thing to be done is to pass by on the other side. We are being asked to bait the hook on which we are ultimately to be caught. Be it observed that there is not a word about the pledges given on behalf of the Government and the Ministry by the late Minister of Transport that, if and when the original estimate of about eight millions were exceeded, some relief would be given to the taxed. On the contrary, it is made abundantly clear that the Ministry intends to be satisfied with not a penny less than the stupendous amount of ten and a quarter millions. In the interests of justice, even, it does not propose to drop a hundred a year from the net yield.

Leave It Alone. The best thing the individual can do is to leave the idea severely alone. If anybody has a valuable, or seemingly valuable, idea on the subject of taxation, let him by all means submit it to the R.A.C. or the A.A. to be passed on to the Departmental Committee when it sits. But to send it to the official of the Ministry, who blandly announces that all schemes for motor taxation should be submitted to

him, is simply to ask for more trouble. We are even now told, in season and out of season, that we asked to be taxed in the interests of the roads. Further, Government spokesmen, who apparently do not trouble to read their Press, tell us that the present system of taxation is the one which was formulated and agreed to by our own representatives. It is absolutely untrue, of course, but a detail of that sort never deters the official apologist. In any case, the country pays these people to know their job, and it is for them to collect all the statistics bearing on the subject, and to formulate a proper and just scheme of vehicle taxation. It is certainly not for the private individual to work it all out for them. I regard the insidious proposal of the Ministry of Transport as a trap laid for the unwary, and I can see the sequel as clearly as possible. Let us leave it alone. In any case, that will be the safer course. There is one point which may be kept in mind, and that is that there is no request made by the Ministry for a scheme to make all classes of road vehicles pay for their use of the highways.



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE, ISLE OF MAN: M. J. CHASSAGNE, DRIVING A 3-LITRE SUNBEAM, ROUNDING HILBERY CORNER, WITH SNAE FELL IN THE DISTANCE.

Racing in the Isle of Man.

The Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq combination seems to be literally invincible in the racing field. Recently the Sunbeam part of the alliance has added all sorts of world's records to the long list of successes obtained by this famous mark. The phenomenal

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued. speed attained by the big Sunbeam at Brooklands, when driven by K. Lee Guinness and by Malcolm Campbell at Saltburn, is too fresh in mind to need recalling. Last year the Talbot-Darracq side scored a wonderful success by gaining the first three places both in the "Little Grand Prix" in France and in the 200-miles race at Brooklands. Now both the Tourist Trophy and the race for cars not exceeding 1500 c.c. capacity, run last week in the Isle of Man, have been added to the list of S.T.D. triumphs. In the former, a Sunbeam, driven by Jean Chassagne, finished first; while in the other event Talbot-Darracq cars, driven by Sir A. Lee Guinness and A. Divo, were first and second. Not at all a bad beginning for the road-racing season. I may, perhaps, be permitted to express the hope that Sunbeams will shortly succeed in scoring a British victory in the French Grand Prix, which is to be held over a circuit near Strasbourg.

While doing honour to the winners, it would not be fitting to forget other cars which, if they did not finish first, nevertheless did excellently well. In the race for the Tourist Trophy two Bentleys—a car which was really making its debut in road-racing—secured second and fourth places. A really magnificent performance this, especially in all the circumstances. Then the Vauxhall firm were the entrants of the car which finished in third place, very little behind the others. In the race for the small cars, the Bugatti team scored well by finishing third and fourth to the Talbot-Darracqs, and are entitled to much credit for their performance.

Successful Defence at Kingston.

Recently, the Automobile Association defended a motor-cyclist member who was charged at Kingston with driving a motor-cycle "without having attached to the front an independent brake." In cross-examination by the A.A. solicitor, the police admitted that they could not deny that there were two independent brakes to the machine. It was also pointed out to the Bench that a case of this kind should not have been brought by the police merely on the legal knowledge of a constable, and that advice should be taken before prosecuting. The Bench were accordingly asked to mark their disapproval by awarding costs against the police. The Bench accepted the view, dismissed the summons, and awarded a guinea costs against the police.

A.A. Road Patrols. The Automobile Association has arranged that A.A. patrols—except those engaged at Filling Stations or on special duty—will leave their beats punctually at one o'clock for their mid-day meal, and return to the road at two o'clock. A.A. members will therefore not see patrols on the road during this specified hour. Past experience has shown that A.A. members have had to wait longer periods for assistance under the over-lapping system.



A ROSE-DAY INCIDENT: QUEEN ALEXANDRA ACCEPTING FROM MESSRS. PEARS A BASKET OF ALEXANDRA ROSES, CONTAINING A LARGE BOTTLE OF HER FAVOURITE PERFUME, LAVENDER WATER

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Tyres in the Isle of Man.

It goes almost without saying that the success of a racing car is governed as much by the reliability of the tyres used as by the actual speed it is able to attain. There is a special significance in the fact that all the winning cars in the Isle of Man were equipped with tyres of British make—Dunlop "cord" tyres, to wit. The Sunbeam which won the T.T. and the first three in the 1½-litre class all ran on these tyres. In fact, every car which finished in the latter class was on Dunlops. An excellent showing, and one of which Dunlops have a right to be more than passing proud.

W. W.

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"SPANISH LOVERS," AT THE KINGSWAY

A STORY of "Spanish Lovers" should give us a warm-blooded stuff, if it is to meet the expectations of a theatre-going public which has shaped its ideas of love in Spain from its memories of "Carmen." The play with this title, of which Felici Codina is the author, and Miss Christopher St. John the adapter (via a French translation) gradually works its way up to scenes of fervent passion, and much of its drama centres round a knife already used by the hero on his wealthy rival; but far too much time is expended on preliminary explanations and the suggesting of "atmosphere." Moreover, just when excitement is at its height, all action is delayed by an interlude of folk-song music and national dances, which may, from one point of view, be in place as occurring at a betrothal festival, and would, if the story were not waiting, make excellent and interesting entertainment, but certainly hinders illusion and makes it difficult for the audience to recapture its old mood when the tale of the lovers is picked up again. At that point, the feelings of Pencho, the poorer and, as he deemed till he had stabbed Javier, the favoured suitor of Maria, had reached boiling-point, for here was Maria preparing to betroth herself to the sick Javier, though he was ready to swear he had her heart. Really, of course—for this is a romantic play—she was being led into a forced marriage, believing that, by sacrificing herself to Javier, she would be saving Pencho from the clutches of the law. Fortunately, after the songs and the dances, Javier turned

out to be a chivalrous person, so much so that he forgave the man who had knifed him and handed over to him his bride. In this closing passage there is some pretty acting provided by Miss Doris Lloyd (quite intense as the heroine) and Mr. Ivor Novello, and it is surprising how well they do, handicapped as they are by the play's lapse into song and dance. Not that there are not colour and variety in such song and dance; indeed, it must be admitted that, on the first night, Mr. Albert Digney's vocalisation and the dancing of Los Caritos fired the audience to vociferous enthusiasm.

(Continued overleaf.)

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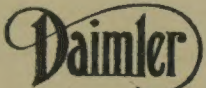
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(Continued.)

"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE," AT THE ADELPHI.

Whereas "G.B.S." is fond of urging that the female of our species is its devastating element, the less sophisticated Ethel M. Dell would seem to have won her tens of thousands of readers by pictures of an all-conquering ruthless male swooping down on timid woman as his quarry. That is her formula, at least, in her adapted novel, "The Way of an Eagle," now on view at the former home of melodrama, the Adelphi. Her hero, Nick Ratcliffe, is outwardly, if his gruff speech meant everything, a callous, savage brute, bent on subduing the girl we see him rescue to his will, but in reality his heart is in the right place, and very much at the mercy of that querulous young lady's whims. Muriel Roscoe, to name her, is a timid, neurotic creature who resents Nick's airs of masterfulness, especially when he drugs her for her good, misunderstands his quixotic efforts to prevent another woman from compromising herself, and has to be told of his virtues by others before she can realise them for herself and accept finally the fate of becoming his "prey." Naïve matter, this, for a public which can command the services of a Barrie and a Galsworthy! But doubtless there are plenty of playgoers among Miss Dell's troops of admirers, and these should be willing to line up at the Adelphi to watch flesh-and-blood actors impersonating characters from one of their favourite romances. It is done well enough. Mr. Godfrey Tearle contrives at one and the same time to be gallant, rough-mannered, and consistently jocular as the soldier so fond of Indian disguise. Miss Marjorie Gordon tries her hardest to suppress her own charm in moods of

petulance and irascibility. And there is also Miss Jessie Winter in the cast.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" AT EVERYMAN'S.

Thanks are due to Mr. Norman Macdermott for his enterprise in bringing within reach of Londoners at Hampstead the enthusiastic amateurs of the Cambridge University Marlowe Dramatic Society in their performance of that rarely revived and savage Shakespearean piece of satire, "Troilus and Cressida." Perhaps the performance is not the less interesting and acceptable for being done by young men who have no bees in their bonnets and are mainly intent on rendering the text to the best of their ability. For from such sturdy, painstaking interpreters we get no idealising of the play's bitterness, no glossing over of its deliberate travesty and degradation of classic figures, no forcing into undue prominence of its love-story and the wanton round whom this centres. "Troilus and Cressida" is a play of disillusion written by genius in a mood of angry disillusionment. Sincerity, thoughtfulness, clarity of diction are what it asks, and luckily what it gets from these Cambridge amateurs. They are helped now by women associates, but it is still the physical comeliness of the undergraduate actors, the earnestness and shining zeal they put into their work, their unstudied yet pleasing poses, and the care they put into their elocution which constitute the compelling appeal of this revival. Youth taking its courage in both hands has accomplished a fine thing; where all do so well, it would be a shame to particularise.

"CHUCKLES OF 1922," AT THE NEW OXFORD. A "chuckle" must mean something very different in America from what it does in this country, if Americans

have found nothing euphemistic in the title, "Chuckles of 1922," given to one of the most strident entertainments ever imported to London. This is a riot of boisterous fun and musical crescendo, a whirl of hurricane energy and feverish high spirits, a medley of song and dance, sketches and patter, the turns of which succeed each other at breakneck pace. There are individually clever performers enough in the cast of this American revue. Mr. Bobby Clark as an extremely quaint comedian ought certainly to be mentioned—but it is the *ensemble* of hustle and "go" which is the most impressive feature of the show, and will probably win it no less success this side of the Atlantic than it has already enjoyed on the other.

At the speed trials of the Yorkshire Automobile Club, held on June 17 on the sands between Saltburn and Marske-by-the-Sea, Sunbeam cars were again successful in winning the following events: In the flying kilometre race for cars up to 5000 c.c. capacity, Mr. L. V. Cozens, who was driving a six-cylinder car, was successful in making the fastest time. He accomplished the course in 22.4.5 sec., at the rate of over 100 m.p.h. Captain Malcolm Campbell, driving the twelve-cylinder racing car, made the fastest time in the flying kilometre race for cars of unlimited capacity. He completed the course in 17.3.5 sec., at a speed of over 134 m.p.h., which constitutes a further world's record for the Sunbeam Company, subject to confirmation by the International Federation of Automobile Clubs. In this race also the second-best time was achieved by Mr. L. V. Cozens, driving the six-cylinder Sunbeam car.



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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

H. BURGESS (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—We do not understand your proposed solution to No. 3881. You say, 1. Q to Q 2nd P takes B, 2. P to Kt 3rd; but where is there a Pawn that can move to Kt 3rd, or, indeed any piece but the King? Do you mean P to Kt 7th? If so, that won't do.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Metropolitan Chess League of New York, between Messrs. LEVINE and SANTASIERE. Notes by Mr. HERMANN HELMS. (Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th
Or 3. Kt to Q B 3rd, P takes P;
4. Kt takes P, Kt to B 3rd; 5. Kt takes Kt (ch), K P takes Kt; 6. B to Q B 4th, B to Q 3rd; 7. Kt to K 2nd, Castles; 8. Castles, etc.
3. B to B 4th
4. P to K Kt 4th
This is an innovation suggested by Marshall. The normal continuation is 4. B to Q 3rd, B takes B (better than B to Kt 3rd, on account of P to K 6th), 5. Q takes B, P to K 3rd; 6. Kt to K B 3rd.
4. B to K 3rd
5. P to K 6th
A highly interesting continuation, whereby White offers a Pawn in the hope that Black's development may be materially slowed up.
5. Kt to B 3rd
6. Kt to Q 2nd P takes P
7. B to K 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. P to Kt 5th Kt to K 5th
9. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
10. B to Q 3rd B to B 4th

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3883.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE
1. B to Kt 4th
2. Mates accordingly.

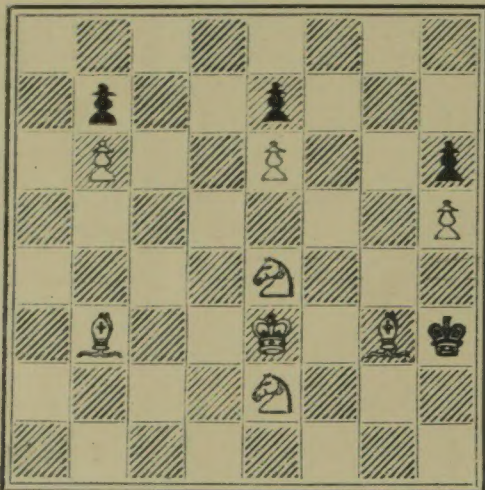
BLACK
Any move.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3881 received from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3882 from J. N. Lamont (Arosa, Switzerland) and A. F. Pirniquet (New York); of No. 3883 from P. Cooper (Clapham), C. H. Watson (Masham), and Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3884 received from Albert Taylor (Sheffield), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Q. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H. G. (Glossop), A. R. Foster (Lewisham), C. H. Watson (Masham), H. W. Satow (Bangor), and J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay).

PROBLEM No. 3885.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The death of Mr. W. T. Pierce deserves more than a passing notice, for he was one of the oldest and best-known of British amateurs, distinguished alike as a player, an analyst, and a problem-composer. It is over forty-five years ago since, in conjunction with his brother, he brought out the well-known volume of "English Chess Problems," which comprised all the best native compositions to that date; and,

within comparatively recent months, his analytical researches have been a regular contribution to Chess journalism. As he grew older he abandoned problems for actual play, and figured largely and successfully in correspondence chess. He was privileged to give his name to an opening, and the Pierce Gambit, a variation of the Vienna, stands as a record of his ingenuity and skill, that will probably endure when bigger deeds are forgotten. There are but few survivors now of the generation to which he belonged, from which, indeed, most of the stars have long since disappeared.

We also note with regret the death of Mr. John Crum, another of the same period as Mr. Pierce who also combined the rôles of composer and player with great success. He at one time held the Scottish Championship, and in the early 'eighties of last century was regarded as one of our foremost workers in problem-composition.

Messrs. James Pascall, Ltd., the well-known manufacturers of confectionery and chocolates, have recently received an intimation that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to grant them a Warrent of Appointment as chocolate-makers and confectioners.

Mr. Gordon Home, an artist whose drawings on the Riviera and in North Africa will be remembered by our readers, is both author and illustrator of a charming little pilgrim book called "Through Yorkshire: the County of Broad Acres" (J. M. Dent; 2s. net). Few works of its size are so profusely illustrated, the products of the artist's busy pencil being supplemented by a large number of excellent photographs. On the authorship side, too, it was manifestly a labour of love. Mr. Home disclaims any intention to write "for the scurrying traveller," and says: "I have endeavoured to indicate where romance and beauty may be found, where associations with literature and great events of history are enshrined, and where the great solitudes of heathery moorland and grassy fell call to the jaded town dweller." A useful map of the author's itinerary and an index complete a pocket volume highly attractive to the holiday-maker.

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